

Good Morning 729

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

A WINDMILL TRIP for A.B. Gerald Briggs

WE had quite a giddy time, A.B. Gerald Briggs, trying to find your home at 1 Council Houses, Great Moulton, near Norwich. Asking our way from Long Stratton, an old man said turn right and keep on taking hairpin turns for three miles, then ask again.

Next we tried the Fox and Hounds. They said it was difficult to direct people to Moulton because they always went wrong and got lost. One bright lad said you go like this, and waved his arms windmill fashion. Then somebody explained both ways went to Moulton, left or right, it didn't matter, so long as one didn't take the wrong bends.

But, as you see by the photograph, we did get there, and found your mother in the garden with young nephew Mickie, aged two, and both looking very well indeed.

The rest of the family were not at home, but Dad is well, and so are sisters Olive and Lily. Your pal, Norman

Chambers, has just joined up in the Army.

Your mother sends her love; she is delighted with the photographs you sent, and young Mickie repeatedly pointed out to us which was you. But most of the time he wanted us to play "horses" with him. A very lively youngster, who keeps your mother on the go, as she puts it.

The garden keeps your Dad busy in his spare time, and it's well stocked with potatoes, peas, beans, and fowls laying well. So your eggs are there if you can come and get them, and the family hope it won't be long before you do.

Now, would you believe it? We got lost again on our way back to Norwich, even after carefully noting haystacks and the "bends"! Must have got the wrong bend somewhere, for we came out on the Turnpike Road six miles out of the way. Next, it'll be your turn to do it. But you know the way.



Home Town Topics

TWENTY-THREE Service men were battling in the Welsh election campaign. One of the most colourful was Mr. Craig Parry Hughes, aged 27. When war started he was a law student.

He threw up his Articles to become an A.B. Served on H.M.S. destroyer "Griffin." Was wounded at Taranto. Served at Crete. Lost the use of the fingers of his right hand. He went on. Became a Cadet and was wounded again. Later he was discharged as totally disabled when he lost the use of his right arm.

He learned to write with his left hand, came home and completed his Articles, and is now solicitor to Blackpool Corporation.

WHAT Cardiff docks did to win the war is now coming out. Mr. D. G. Hop-

pkins, the dock manager, has told the full story.

The Commando raid on St. Nazaire, one of the high spots before the invasion, was planned in a private house in Cardiff.

Seventy-eight per cent. of the stores of the American Army on the Continent went from Wales.

During the war the biggest cold storage in Britain was built on the docks to accommodate 10,000 tons of frozen meat.

About 300 bombs fell on the docks, excluding incendiaries, but only three ships were hit. Eleven men were killed.

Penarth Docks were converted into an American naval dockyard.

CARDIFF Rugby team has been invited to play in France, and, all being well, the

NOTTINGHAM



Is there a prettier sight in England, asks D. N. K. BAGNALL, than a bevy of Nottingham girls walking along Long Row on the Victoria Embankment of an evening? Nottingham men—and they ought to know—say there isn't. And it is not all prettiness of face, for these girls understand the art of dressing well. Perhaps it's the French blood in their veins.

NOTTINGHAM men believe that Nottingham girls are the most beautiful in the world. Set a Nottingham man down in Rio or Baku, in Tahiti or Mexico City, in Seville or Saskatoon, he will have an eye, all right, for the lovelies who pass by (unless, of course, he's married), but he'll say, with pathos and pride, "They are nothing to the girls back home."

Maybe he's right. There does seem to be a something about the Nottingham girls that others have not got.

Whether it is that dash of French blood contributed to the population by the lace-makers who came across the Channel some generations ago to settle in the city—as some say—I am not qualified to judge; but I yield to no one in my appreciation of the girls who walk along Long Row of an evening, or whose daintiness takes the young men of Nottingham along the Victoria Embankment for a bit of exercise.

It's not all prettiness of face. They know how to dress.

I do not think I have ever seen such general good taste and attractiveness of dress running through the whole female population, as is to be enjoyed in Nottingham.

Yes, I daresay you're right, Nottingham men.

A previous invasion by the French, long before the lace-makers came, was not so popular with the city's populace. After the Conquest, there was so much bickering between the old Saxon inhabitants and the new Norman dwellers in the city that the place was divided into two parts, and they even had to build a wall down the centre of the market place so that the French and English should not come to blows.

After the girls, the most important feature of Nottingham is the Council House. There can hardly be two opinions about the former, but the latter will give rise to argument wherever two Nottingham men meet.

IN MARKET SQUARE.

Up to about twenty-five years ago Nottingham had in its centre a huge Market Square, usually a site of activity and colour, with its hundreds of stalls and bargaining people.

It was here that the famous Goose Fair was held, a rollicking, full-blooded affair, retaining a good deal of the exuberance it had known through many centuries. People came

Blue and Blacks will make a tour next winter.

The Club's first post-war season will be memorable. Fixtures for next winter already include Harlequins, Cambridge University, Service sides, including those from the Dominions, and Leicester.

from all over England to see it. It was one of the few remaining traditional Fairs still virile in an ancient setting.

The Market Square (incidentally the largest in England) is now laid out with regular broad pavements, with a formal grass patch, each with its little tree, at each corner—a graceful bit of designing, but as empty of warmth and loveableness as a model housing estate.

It serves as a parade ground to the huge modern Council House, with its tall pillars, dome and clock.

One writer has remarked on its "broad spaciousness" and "clean dignity." Another has lamented it as "yet another example of those dismal machine-made Civic centres to which out provincial capitals are becoming so addicted."

So it's a matter of opinion. It is too late to do anything about it, if you prefer the old

the American troops came to England, there were two personages they wanted to see—the Lord Mayor of London, riding in his state coach, and the Sheriff of Nottingham.

It was a sad blow to them to learn that the Lord Mayor of Nottingham was not bothered with outlawry.

Most of us who, in our earliest days, heard or read about Robin Hood, fat abbots, gay outlaws, and cunning but credulous sheriffs of Nottingham, have experienced that disillusion on visiting the city. Even Sherwood Forest has lost its romance.

But this is more our fault than Nottingham's. If you take the place at its real value, you realise it is a great and thriving city, with many pleasant features and a clean industrialism that is invigorating.

On its outskirts you meet one of its finest sights—the broad stream of the Trent, spanned by that pleasant bridge, with the Embankment, wide and park-like, stretching to Wilford Bridge, one and a quarter miles away. From here you get a good view of the Castle—best known as the trade-mark on packets of a popular brand of cigarette.

The present castle dates only from the eighteenth century, for the original stronghold was pulled down in the Civil War, and its stones gratefully pillaged by the people of the city for various building purposes. But beneath it are ancient tunnels and caves—and, indeed, the ground below Nottingham is honeycombed with them. Nobody seems to know who built them, and why.

YOU MUST TAKE CARE.

I am always most careful, when in Nottingham, to keep on the right side of the law. It is just as well to be polite to the police wherever you are, but in Nottingham it is more than ever advisable.

For the local police force has held the titles of every weight in the International Police Championships, as well as the heavy-weight and light-heavy weight wrestling championships of England.

So when they say, "Come along o' me!" I go very quietly.

Although Nottingham is a prosperous industrial city, it shows little signs of industrialism. You do not breathe in soot, as you do in many cities not half its size. It has the good fortune to contain industries that do not belch volumes of heavy smoke into its air.

Since the decline of the lace trade, when Aunt Mary left off wearing wide lace borders to her knickety-nacks, stopped dressing the windows with long lace curtains, and gave up lace tablecloths, the city has turned to hosiery as its principal job—

though tobacco, cycles and general engineering are important industries.

But we won't visit the hosiery factories or engineering workshops to-day. How about a swim in the Open Air Bath at University Park? Or a walk in Wollaton Park, with its famous Hall, containing a window for every day in the year, and its wide lawns, its great avenues of trees and its snug shrubberies? Remember them, sailor? Don't tell me you haven't kissed behind the bushes in Wollaton Park.

How about an afternoon at Newstead Abbey, with its spacious grounds, the old Pilgrim Oak by the Lodge, and the ancient Abbey itself, where, they say, the monk's ghost still wanders, of nights?

Woodthorpe Grange Park, Bulwell Forest, Bulwell Hall Park, The Forest, Vernon Park—you Nottingham men are lucky chaps; and if you get tired of more formal surroundings, all you have to do is to go out a short distance into some of the loveliest countryside in all England.

Feeling thirsty after all this? Well, come and have one with me at the "Black Boy" in Long Row, or, perhaps, the "Bell Inn"—or, if you prefer it, the "Flying Horse" in Poultry, with its quaint gables and cosy rooms.

And what "Ye Olde Trip to Jerusalem Inn," which claims to be the oldest inn in the country, or "Ye Olde Salutation Inn," which dates from the time of the Battle of Agincourt?

Whether you come from Hucknall or Oxtun, Clipston or Gotham, Arnold or Kimberley—or from any of the villages of that pleasant countryside, or, indeed, from Nottingham itself—you know them well, and will return to them.

NOTE.—I hate to mention it, but did you know that the ancient name for Nottingham is "Snottingeham"—"the home of the family of Snot?"



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is:
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London,
S.W.I.

THE BELL OF BONATURA

THE bell was in the crazy tower on the hill that overlooks the alluring sea to which the palms troop down from the forests as if they, too, were fascinated and bewitched by the beauty of the bay.

They grow, these palms of Bonatura, to the very water's edge beyond the rice fields and they bow their heads when the soft wind of the Pacific caresses them, just like so many tall and stately sentinels bowing before the loveliness of the things they guard.

The palms guard the river mouth and the bay of Bonatura, and the bay guards the tower, and the tower guards the hill; and Peter Joseph guards the bell in the tower. And all of them, the guards and the guarded, were old and silent and scarred long before Dick Beeson, the young doctor, arrived at Bonatura. But Lola was young and fresh and beautiful as the bay.

Lola had the skin of a Castilian

grand dame and the eyes of a gazelle. Her hair was black, with a sheen like that of deep, dark sea water.

Also she had a smile that haunted those on whom she smiled. She was twenty-three, which is the lucky age on the slopes of Peru above Huacho.

The bell of Bonatura could be heard, if the north wind was blowing when it was tolled, on the outskirts of Huacho. Few people of Huacho, however, had heard the bell of Bonatura for two reasons.

The first was that the bell was mouth and the bay of Bonatura, only tolled when a man died suddenly from the hand of the law, or met his fate from an "unnatural" cause—meaning the knife thrust of an enemy. The second was that it was very seldom a north wind blew from Bonatura towards Huacho.

Peter Joseph was deaf and past his best years when the villagers on Bonatura gave him the job of minding the bell. When he rang

it he did not hear the ding-dong it made; but, even if he had heard, that would not have kept Peter Joseph from saying the prayers for the souls of the men for whom he rang the bell.

It was part of his duty to say prayers as he tolled.

There was also another duty which had gradually become part of Peter Joseph's life. He sat in his lonely tower day after day, keeping a lookout on the river mouth watching the surf pounding on the bar. The bar had grown bigger every year until there was only a narrow passage for craft.

When the north wind blew, the passage was impossible. Peter Joseph was the only man who knew exactly when to make the trip.

The fishers used to come to ask him if they could go out and come home again, and Peter Joseph would ask them the length of their trip and then think for a little before he gave his decision. If he gave his decision against going they knew that they would die out there on the bar pounded to pieces by the raging surf.

The reason Lola and Peter Joseph were such good friends was that they both came from the same region. She was descendant of an Ynca, which is royalty.

She was seated beside the tower on the hill making a new chinchorro, which is a sleeping-ham-tumbling waves, "I should toll the mock, when she put the great bell."

Lola let her needle drop in her lap and her face went a shade pale. "Look down the hill across the white-clad figure of the young doctor was toiling through the swamp between the rice field and the base of the hill. Only

"I think it right that you marry the round dome of his big sun helmet could be seen above the man you love," replied Peter Joseph gently. "But trouble green stalks."

Lola bent her head over her ball of cotton twine pretending to study the pattern of her chinchorro.

"Why?" she asked softly.

"Because," replied Peter Joseph, "it is a law of the world that where there is bright sunshine there is also deep shadow. Where there is jealousy there is hate."

"Manuel Pasco," continued Peter Joseph slowly, "believed he would marry you until the young medicine man came, the young doctor who studied his medicine in London, which is in a country far north of Peru."

"Do you think he will go back?" asked Lola quickly. "He is trying to cure my deafness, and he and I talk now and then. As for going back, that depends."

"On what?" "On whether he will marry you."

Lola went on with her stitching for a few minutes. Presently she lifted her head.

"You have not answered my question, Peter Joseph," she said.

"If I were to answer your question as you want me to answer it," he replied, still gazing out at the chorro, "I should toll the mock, when she put the great bell."

Lola let her needle drop in her lap and her face went a shade pale. "Look down the hill across the white-clad figure of the young doctor was toiling through the swamp between the rice field and the base of the hill. Only

It is a law of life that where there is sunshine there is also deep shadow, where there is love, there is hate, and this 2-day story shows that love is victorious

"I had hoped it was not true. But you have given him your word."

He turned away and caught old Peter Joseph looking across from his doorway.

With an effort he straightened himself and walked towards the shack; and as he went he heard the voice of Lola call after him in a low tone.

"Oh, why did you not come to Bonatura sooner?"

That, at least, was what he thought she called, but his mind was in a blur when he stepped into the shack to attend to Peter Joseph. He opened his handbag and extracted some of his instruments absently.

When he turned his head to the old man he saw the latter had been writing some words on a slate in chalk. Beeson took the slate which the old man handed to him. On it was a simple question:

"You love Lola?" Beeson glanced sharply at the old man, then laid down the slate. He nodded.

The Peruvian snatched at the slate and began to write again. Beeson watched the letters forming.

"She loves you." Before Beeson could give a (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. What is the difference between iterate and irritate?
2. If you joined the O.U.D.S., to what would you belong?
3. What does "ley" mean in town-names like Leyton and Bromley?
4. How many books are there in the New Testament?
5. By how many hours is

Egypt behind or ahead of Greenwich time?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Brahms, Mozart, Elgar, Bach, Beethoven, Weber.

Answers to Quiz in No. 728

1. Emulate means to rival; immitate means to kill for a sacrifice.
2. Pleasant Sunday Afternoons.
3. Wood.
4. "Jesus wept" (John xi, 35).
5. Three hours behind.
6. Handel was a musician; others were poets.

People are Queer

FOR the past twenty-six years Station Sergeant Arthur Hatherell, of the Metropolitan Police, has spent his time collecting other people's money. (And has he done the job well! Nearly a million pounds has passed into the hands of creditors through his labours; and he has served tens of thousands of warrants on unwilling payers-up.)

Sometimes he has had to work hard for the cash. On one occasion a debtor barricaded himself in a third-storey flat to avoid being served with a warrant.

But that didn't beat Sergeant Hatherell. He rang up the Fire Brigade.

When they turned up, they put a ladder up to the window on the third floor, and the determined sergeant went up. As he climbed, the window opened, and the man hurled chairs, a table and a radio set at him.

Luckily his arm was poor, and the sergeant reached the window ledge without being hit. He held the man while firemen broke down the door of the room.

His job doesn't keep him in London all the time. He has to travel all over the place tracking down "he men who owe money. He has been as far as Bangor, Northern Ireland, and Benbecula in the Hebrides.

He's retiring soon, which will be a comfort to many people who owe money.

STILL doing a job at the Furness Shipbuilding Company, of Haverton Hill, Durham, is Mr. W. L. Wetherall—83 years old this year.

In spite of his age, he's a grand caulker, and when he returned to work in war-time in answer to Mr. Bevin's appeal to shipyard workers, he showed the younger men how to keep time—and overtime.

He's not leaving off work yet—not until he's sure that everything's O.K. in Europe, caulked and made tight.

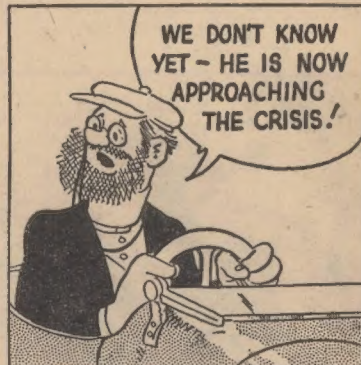
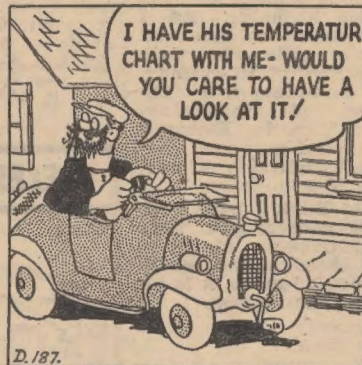
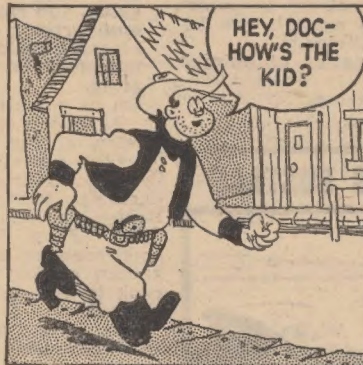
D.N.K.B.

ALEX CRACK

There had been an outbreak of fire at the local garage, and the damage spread to the draper's next door. Unfortunately, the draper's shop was gutted out, and the distracted proprietor endeavoured to relieve his feelings by describing the fire to his neighbours.

"A terrible affair!" he cried to one man. "I am ruined! I am ruined! I just stood there and watched my money burn away. My face went white—white—white as your shirt." Then he peered at the other's shirt again. "No—whiter," he added.

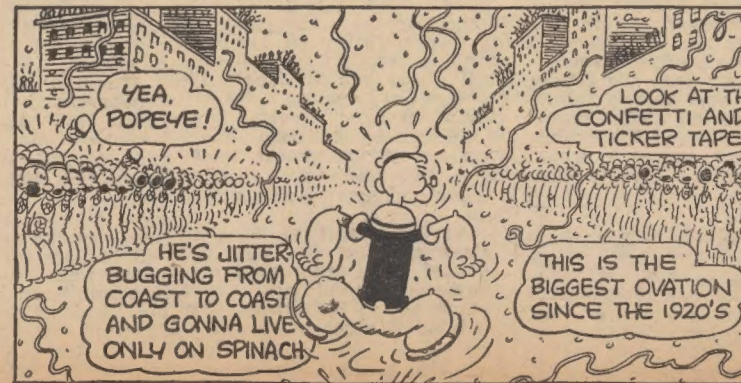
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



The Bell of Bonatura

(Continued from Page 2) "You leave Lola alone. D'you Pasco shrugged his shoulders and affected an injured air. The attack was a surprise to Pasco, who staggered back, his hand searching at his hip. "If you draw that knife I'll brain you, Pasco. What do you want here, anyway?" The dice-throws scowled. "It is no business of yours," he growled. "Can I not come to see my bride if I like? She is mine. I come to arrange about our wedding. It is overdue already, because she takes so long to make the chinchorro. And I find her cheating me. Is that not enough to make one angry?" Beeson dropped the slate on the turf and gazed at the girl, then at Pasco. "Cheating you? Cheating you?" he repeated. During his talk Pasco's eyes chinchorro," he said with a sneer.

had been on the slate which lay "Then I take her whether it is on the turf at the young doctor's finished or no. And I tell you the man who takes slate writings from Lola shall have the bell toll for him." He dived for it and held it up, reading the words which Peter Joseph had written there. "What is the meaning of this, senor?" he demanded, in a voice suddenly grown cold. "This is Peter Joseph's writing. This slate you were reading just now." No one spoke, Lola, standing behind Pasco, saw the chalk writing. Manuel Pasco threw the slate down on the turf and rubbed the sole of his foot across the words. "You tell me, senor, that these words were written for me, not for you." Not a word from Beeson or Peter Joseph. Manuel Pasco stood very still, his lip curled, his yellow teeth showing. He put his heel on the slate and cracked it from top to bottom. "I give Lola a week to finish the "I give Lola a week to finish the

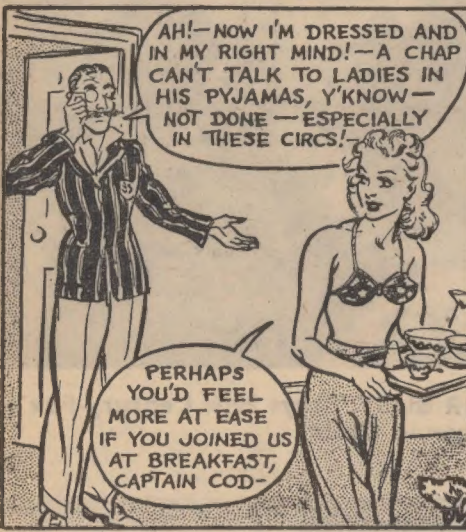
Wangling Words No. 668

1. Behead a push and get a seaside town
2. Insert the same letter five times and make sense of: Reeberetoyourotheraud.
3. What three common trees can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: When Joe yelled for beer, Bert — out that he wanted —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 667

1. S-hack.
2. Mention me to your Member of Parliament.
3. W.A.N.T.
4. Discern, cinders

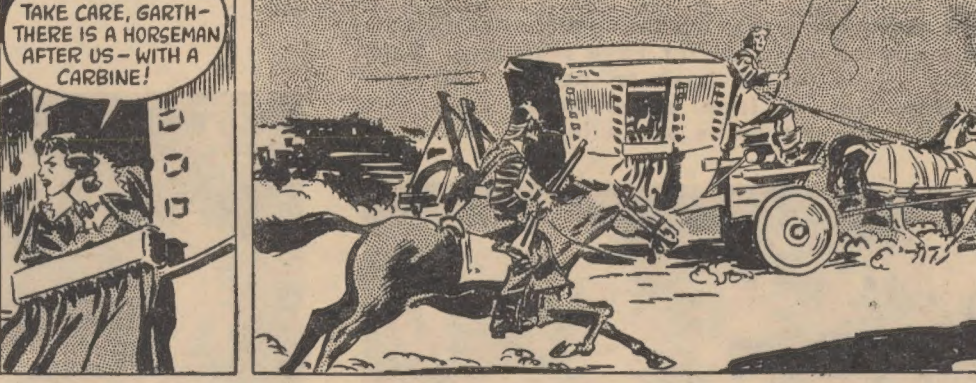
JANE



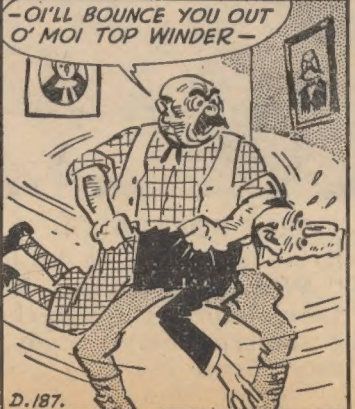
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE WEDDING DAY

OUTSTANDING among Fleet reverend gentlemen was one John Gayman, a lusty, jolly fellow, whose "qualities" soon earned him "preferment," and who for many years was known as "the Bishop of Hell."

From the Fleet Prison itself the custom was quick to spread to the Fleet taverns, with a result that before the close of the 17th century most of the brandy-houses in this wretched neighbourhood retained a resident profligate priest at "twenty shillings a week, hit or miss." If the parson was not on a retainer basis, the publican divided with him the fee for each solemnisation.

It is fortunate that such registers as these rogues kept were eventually confiscated and deposited in the Consistory Court, for we are thus enabled to peruse some of the entries.

Industry

GENERALLY speaking, the country hears most about the troubles in industry. I sometimes think it hears nothing else. It certainly fears little about the good things in industry, the successes, the smooth working, the goodwill and happy relations that exist over by far the greater field of industry, and the solid, outstanding achievements in this war of managements and workpeople.

Sir Charles Craven.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

LOGIC SPIRIT
RECEPTION
CITED ELECT
AG SABRE RET
TIN RAN VIM
SNAG N RAMP
PAP TAW NIL
AT JULEP NE
WOMAN ALIAS
REPELLENT
ASTER DANES

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11					
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38						39		

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Ship's cord. 6 Skin mark. 10 Edge. 11 Spoil. 12 Diverted. 14 Support. 15 In the country. 17 Bird. 18 Animals. 20 Fine fabric. 22 Attempt. 24 Wrinkle. 26 Called. 28 Sharp projection. 30 Irish county. 33 Way out. 35 In the same place. 36 Wet. 37 Number. 38 Genial. 39 Perceived.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Look. 2 Object. 3 Jets. 4 Apr. 5 Of sea movements. 6 Drink. 7 Go swiftly. 8 Jot. 9 Good fame. 13 Girl's name. 16 Part of coat. 19 Native spear. 21 Cabins. 23 Oxen. 25 Try hard. 27 Vague. 28 Twitch. 29 Sort of smile. 31 Talented. 32 Cabinet Minister. 34 Finish.

Good Morning



THE ZOMERSET "RHINE."

We suppose there can't be anyone in the country who has not heard of the German River Rhine, but we wonder how many know these more modest Somerset 'rhines.' They're just irrigation ditches that run across that pleasant county, draining the rich soil of the fields.

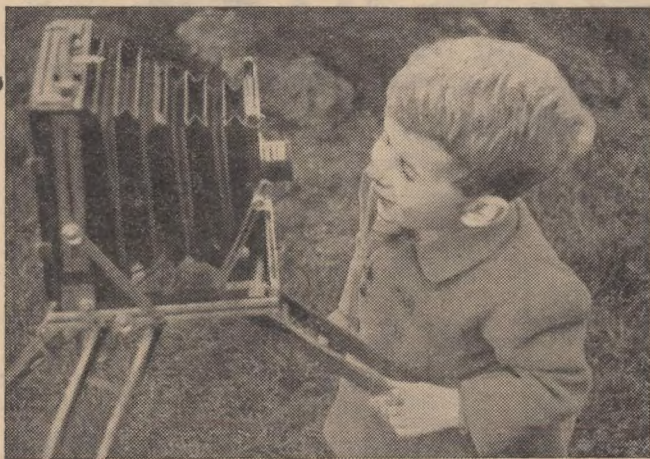


HE'S ON THE CARPET.

Phil Monte, the guy in the Turkish titfer, squats on a carpet on top of a pole in order to attract attention to get a job on the films. But the girl friend has other ideas. She's clambering up the ladder to give him a piece of her mind. Looks as if Phil's going to find himself on the carpet again!



The young thing who has taken off her sun glasses to smile at us is starlet Faye Marlowe. Lady, believe you us, we have to put on our dark glasses even to look at you—such a dazzling picture do you make sprawling on the sand!

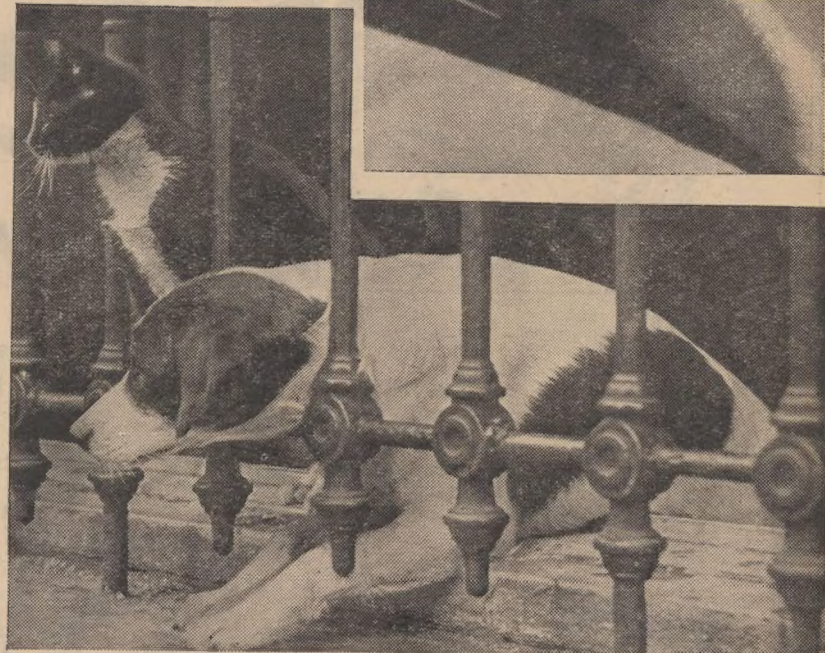


SELF PORTRAIT!

Young fella-me-lad seems to be following in "Fuse" Wilson's footsteps. If he continues to take pictures through the wrong end of the camera, there's a job waiting for him on "Good Morning" when he grows up!



"A MOVIE CAREER OR BUST," says 20th Century-Fox's Jeanne Crain.



SHIP'S CAT GOES TO THE DOGS.

The Ship's Cat is on holiday, and this is a snap she has sent us, showing what a good time she is having. And we thought that only dogs had a good time with railings!